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viewer, it is not the less reprehensible that our greatest should be so irreverently handled. It is enough to recognize with Robert Louis Stevenson that here was a man "built for immortality."

None who care for the early history and the daily annals of our country can afford to overlook Miss Porter's racy account of Anne Royal,* who, born in 1769, lived, looked, travelled and wrote up to a week or so of her death in 1859. She was fearless as a talker, writer and thinker and was far in advance of her age. She was a pioneer woman journalist, a Unitarian, and stood even in her earliest days for sound money, Sunday mail transportation, liberal immigration laws and religious liberty; she, of course, paid the penalty of such free exercise of her mind. She was arrested and tried as a common scold in 1829, but survived this and many other persecutions and trials, including dire poverty, with unbroken spirit. "When will the people be delivered from an implacable God, an omnipotent Devil, an endless hell!" she exclaims, at a time when these tenets were among the most treasured solaces of the human heart.

Her early pen-pictures of New York are delightful, and it may still amuse New-Yorkers to hear that so long ago it was recorded that the business which pours in upon them like a flood leaves them no time to cultivate the graces; that the ladies of New York think more of style than of literature, and that ladies in New York do not read owing to their many other sources of amusement. These pen-pictures of Anne Royal cover a host of important and well-known personages from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln and many ancestral portraits flattering and otherwise may be culled from the book. Miss Porter has proved herself an able and sympathetic biographer of this delightfully human and interesting woman.

TRAVEL.

To only two criticisms are these little conferences by Georges Cain† open: the title is a stupid one for such a delightful book,

* "The Life and Times of Anne Royal." By Sarah Harvey Porter. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press, 1909.

† "Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allinson, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

and the title-page should carry the date of writing—1906. For Paris changes every year, and sad little foot-notes even on these pages tell of the demolition of what the author has just described. These walks and talks among out-of-the-way parts of Paris were written for Frenchwomen and presuppose all the history of France, but the translator has helped out with some concise good notes of his own on matters which should be of every-day knowledge, but too rarely are. And the pictures, the maps, the charming freshness and colloquial ease of style are proper to no one country. The illustrations are mostly from old prints, and if the critic were allowed a third suggestion it should be that the artists' names were set down where known. He may recognize here a Raffet and there a Meyron, but he would like to know as many as might be. The maps present by a peculiarly ingenious device the lines of the modern square or quarter indicated in red on a transparent leaf that folds over the ancient plan, so that comparison is clear and easy between what was and what is. M. Cain is the director of the quaint Musée Carnavalet, a sort of reliquary of past ages, a treasury of manners and customs, a conscious kitchen-midden which preserves for posterity old cooking-pots, old shoes, old caricatures even. Nobody knows so much about Paris as he or in so living a way; when he is dead it will be as if some old great building were torn down—of few men may that be said. He knows not only all of Paris in brick and stone, he has known all of Paris living; he is the son of the house, he is your delightful host, he is full of family anecdotes. He has the incomparable faculty of making you feel, for the nonce, as if you too were of the family.

Germany in the Middle Ages had a law that only the nobility might wear velvet and pearls. There should be a like law that only the spiritually elect may write on certain shrines of beauty: the East and Oxford, for instance, Bruges, Châtres and Siena. The pity is that, it would seem from the preface,* Ferdinand Schevill loves Siena and longs to make an offering of a sweet savor. But Ferdinand Schevill is like the man in the parable

* "*Siena: the Story of a Mediæval Commune.*" By Ferdinand Schevill, with illustrations and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.